

ALL THE

3

S O N G S,

WITH THEIR

T U N E S,

M. R. M.
IN THE

SCOTS PASTORAL

COMEDY

OF THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Written by ALLAN RAMSAY



DUBLIN:

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Smock-Alley. 1759.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, son to Sir *William*,
and secretly committed to the Care of *Symon*, in
Love with *Peggy*.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in Love with *Jenny*,
SYMON, } Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir
GLAUD, } *William*.

BAULDY, a Hynd engaged with *Neps*.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be *Glaud's* Neice, but Daughter
to Sir *William's* Sister.

JENNY, *Glaud's* only Daughter.

MAUSE, an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.

ELSPA, *Symon's* Wife.

MADGE, *Glaud's* Sister.

SCENE, a *Shepherd's* Village and Fields some
four Miles from *Edinburgh*.



THE
SONGS
IN THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG I. By PATIE.

Tune, *The wawking of the faulds.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

S A N G II. By PATIE.

Tune, Fygar rub ber o'er with strae.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them dispise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse——then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;
 But tent the language of their een;

If

If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

S A N G III. By PEGGY.

Tune, Polwart on the Green.

THE dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And name her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld :
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by it fell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

S A N G IV. By JENNY.

Tune, O dear mother, what shall I do?

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lassies when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

S A N G

S A N G V. By PEGGY.

Tune, *How can I be sad on my, &c.*

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives
snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his
wife,

Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

S A N G VI. By JENNY.

Tune, *Nansy's to the green wood gane*

IYield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say

'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heartstrings lead us.

S A N G VII. By SYMON.

Tune, *Cald kale in Aberdeen.*

CAULD he the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

S A N G

S A N G VIII. By SYMON.

Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byer.*

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty:

Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers oft tine their rent.

S A N G IX. By MAUSE.

Tune, *Carle and the king come.*

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come:
Nae mair the hawkys shall thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

S A N G X. By PATIE and PEGGY.

Tune, *Winter was cauld, and my cloathing was thin.*

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, no pain was to me,
When I at the boughing forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wad yellow, and blew hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *cowden broom-knows*;
And Rosie liltis swiftly the *milking the ewes*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanfy can sing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The *Boatman*, *Tweed-side*, or the *Lass of the mill*,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

S A N G XI.

By PATIE and PEGGY.

To its own Tune.

PATIE.

BY the the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken you, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sac
may ye.

Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haf-
year.

PEGGY, *falling into Patie's arms.*

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the
grace.

PATIE, *with his left hand about her waist.*

O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day,
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

BOTH.

Sun gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day;
And if you're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin you like, a week that night.

S A N G. XII. By Sir WILLIAM.

Tune, *Happy Clown.*

HID from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,

B

After

After his bleeting flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.
 Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,
 When truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfullied with a crime :
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

S A N G XIII. By JENNY and ROGER.

Tune, *Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid, beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain;
 For I must own now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline!
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
 Is Jenny then sae kind?——

O let me bris thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delytful thought, we'll never part!
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

S A N G XIV. By JENNY.

Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my father gae:
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For ye have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld
 Where bairns want milk and meal.
 Should he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree:
 And if you prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

S A N G XV. By Sir WILLIAM.

Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

NOW from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond, from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 'Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

S A N G

S A N G XVI. By BAULDY.

To its own Tune.

JOCKY said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-
good;

For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

I ha'e gowd and gear, I have land enough,
I have seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha' house, a barn and a bayer,
A peatstack 'fore the door, we'll make a
rantin fire;

I'll make a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye wonna tell,
Ye shall bet he lad, I'll be the lass my sell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

S A N G XVII. By ROGER.

Tune, Kirk wad let me be.

DUTY and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parents side,
Which love superior calls treason,

The strongest must be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,

My constancy falshood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry.

Still there my dear Peggy excels

S A N G

S A N G XVIII. By PEGGY.

Tune, Waes my heart that we shou'd funder.

SPEAK on, speak thus, and still my grief
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears that soon will want relief,

When Pate must from his Peggy funder.

A gentler face and silk attire,

A lady rich in beauty's blossom,

Alake poor me! will now conspire,

To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd

The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,

Ah! I can die, but never funder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,

Ye banks where we were wont to wander;

Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,

You'll lose your sweets when we're a-
funder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep

Around the know with silent duty,

Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,

Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring
lovsr,

Through life to thee I shall prove true.

Nor be a wife to any other.

S A N G

S A N G XIX. By PEGGY.

Tune, *Tweed-side.*

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where-e'er my love travels by day,
 Where-ever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay;
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 So lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.
 For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love;
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

S A N G XX. By PEGGY.

Tune, *Bush aboon Traquair.*

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.

I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou did'st enfold me.
 To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

S A N G XXI. By Sir WILLIAM.

Tune, *Bonny gray-ey'd morn.*

THE bonny gray-ey'd morning begins
 to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving the plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
 While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd
 with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

Be

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and
 state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to
 his fate.

S A N G XXII. By PEGGY.

Tune, *Corn-riggs are bonny.*

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy;
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his wawking,
 The shining in his een surprize,
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
 Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spak
 That set my heart a glowing,
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny.
 Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzel, air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.
 The E N D.

